

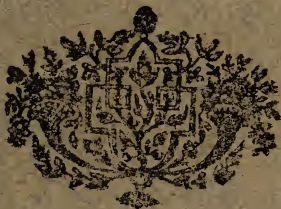
BIDE YE YET.

In winter when the rain rain'd could

Variety is charming.

How Stands the Glass around.

O Jeanie there's naething to fear ye.



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BIDE YE YET.

Gin I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,
A bonny wee wifie to praise and admire,
A bonny wee yardie, a-side a wee burn,
Fareweel to the bodies that yammer & mourn

Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide you yet;
Some bonny wee hody may yet be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie su' neat and su' clean,
And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry Papa or Dady to me.
And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be
A diff'rence a'tween my wi' wifie and me,
In hearty good humour, altho' she be teas'd,
I'll kiss her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd
And bide ye yet, &c.

IN WINTER WHEN THE RAIN RAIN'D CAULD.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill,
 Then Bell my wife, wha loes nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up Gudeman, save Crummy's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne;
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne;
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines in the list sae hie
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a gude grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thretty year;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
 To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half-a-crown,
 He said they were a groat o'er, dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and lown.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou the man of low degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has it's ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has it's ain hool,
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule ;
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly ;
 While I sit hurklin' in the ase,
 I'll hae' a new cloak about me.

Gademan, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken ;
 And we have had between us twa
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten ;
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be ;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she lo'es hae strife ;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman ;

Nought's to be had at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea :
 Then I'll leave aff whare I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

VARIETY IS CHARMING.

I'm in love with twenty,
 I'm in love with twenty,
 And could adore
 As many more,
 There s nothing like a plenty.

Variety is charming,
 Variety is charming,
 A constancy
 Is not for me,
 So ladies take your warning.

For a man in one love,
 For a man in one love,
 He looks as poor
 As any boor,
 For a man in one love.
 Variety, &c.

Girls grown old and ugly,
 Girls grown old and ugly,

They can't inspire
 The same desire,
 As when their young and smugly.
 Variety, &c.

'Tis not the grand regalia,
 'Tis not the grand regalia,
 Of eastern kings,
 That poets sings,
 But O the sweet seraglio.
 Variety, &c.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND.

How stands the glass around?
 For shame, ye take no care my boys.
 Let mirth and wine abound,
 The trumpets sound,
 The colours they are flying, boys.
 To fight, kill, or wound,
 May we still be found,
 Content with our hard fate my boys,
 On the cold ground,

Why, soldiers, why,
 Shou'd we be melancholy, boys?
 Why, soldiers, why?
 Whose business 'tis to die?

• What, sighing? fie!

Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,

'Tis he, you, or I,

Cold, hot, wet, or dry,

We're always bound to follow, boys,

And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,—

I mean nor to upbraid you boys,—

'Tis but in vain

For soldiers to complain,

Should next campaign

Send us to him who made us, boys,

We're free from pain,

But, if we remain,

A bottle ann kind land

Cure all again.

O JEANIE, THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR YE.

O! My lassie, our joy to complete again,

Meet me again in the gloamin, my dearie:

Low down i' the dell let us meet again,

O! Jeanie there's naething to fear ye:

Come when the wee bat flits silent an' cerie:

Come when the pale face o' nature looks weary

Love be thy sure defence,

Beauty and innocence—

O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear

Sweetly blows the haw an' the rowan-tree.
 Wild roses speck our thicket so breerie ;
 Still will our bed in the greenwood be—

O, Jeanie there's naething to fear ye,
 Note when the blackbird o' singing is weary,
 List when the beetle bee's bugle comes near ye,

Then come with fairy haste,
 Light foot and beating breast—
 O, Jeanie there's naething to fear ye.

Far, far, will the bogle and brownie be ;
 Beauty an' truth, they darena come near
 Kind love is the tie of our unity,

A' maun love it, an' a' maun revere it
 Love maks the sang o' the woodland so cheerie
 Love gars a' nature look bonnie that's near ye,

Love ~~mak~~ ^{mak} ~~is~~ ^{is} rose sae sweet,
 Cowslip an' violet—

O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

FINIS.

